

## Name

## Trauma

I've not been able, to heal myself yet  
Of street-prophets sentences  
My lips are throwing but curses  
My laughter is the cry of despair

For a moment too much  
For longer to little  
It is also dangerous  
To forget one's name

In what purpose, the end is left  
The way in its way is confused  
For everybody good  
Glory to fucking benefactors!

I'm taking in my hands  
The act of depression  
Which one can get from notary public  
to forget one's name?  
violated thought about the test of the new

I'm asking a lame beggar for advice

To forget one's name?  
To forget